THE
Dan Smoot Report

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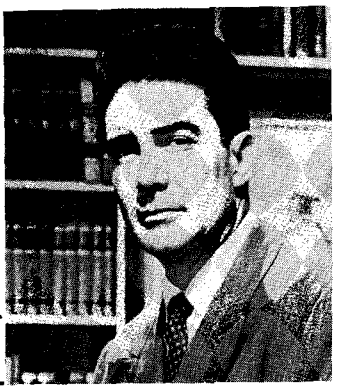

DAN SMOOT

MR. STEVENSON GOES TO DALLAS

Sandy Buckman was an idiot.

He and I worked together as itinerant farm hands for about six weeks one summer. I was a boy of 15, and Sandy was a man in his middle forties. Hence, I always paid him the respect that a man was due from a boy — in those backward, isolationist, non-progressive days between the two great wars. But a few of the other field hands made fun of Sandy. There was a great deal of cruelty in some of the practical jokes they played on him.

It is still painful to recall the last time I saw Sandy: walking down the road, with no place to go, carrying all his worldly goods in a worn and torn cardboard suitcase, crying like a child. This was the end result of the last practical joke at Sandy's expense.

Sandy stood in awe and terror of the foreman. A couple of the boys, pretending friendly concern, told him how to get on the good side of the boss: put in a little free time now and then, doing work he wasn't told to do. This would show the boss he was interested, and it would make a good impression.

Sandy was willing, but he couldn't think of anything to do. The boys helped him out:

"Go down to the gear room next Sunday and fix up all the broken harness. That'll make a hit with the boss."

Sandy went, but he couldn't find any broken harness. The boys helped him again. "Break some," they advised him, "so's you'll have some to fix."

Sandy did. He ripped open a dozen expensive mule collars, cut up a bunch of hame straps, and mutilated several pairs of lines — and then set to work trying to mend them.

The boss caught him and fired him. Sandy packed up and left, homeless and jobless, and, as I said, crying like a child.

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I try to keep Sandy out of my memory. The thought of him, after more than thirty years, still puts a lump in my throat. Yet he comes inexorably to mind every time I hear someone like Adlai E. Stevenson talk about the United Nations.

I don't reckon there's any real similarity between Adlai E. Stevenson and Sandy Buckman. I never heard anyone call Sandy a wit, and I've never heard anyone call Stevenson a half-wit. Yet in every Stevenson speech about the UN, there is something that reminds me of Sandy.

Mr. Stevenson says that if we did not have a UN, we would have to invent one, because the UN is indispensable to world peace. Mr. Stevenson and others like him used to concentrate on Palestine when talking about peace-making accomplishments of the UN. Every time there was an upsurge of criticism of the UN, the Councils on World Affairs, the American Association for the United Nations, and other semi-official affiliates of the Council on Foreign Relations would stage meetings throughout the nation, featuring prominent personalities talking about how the UN stopped a war in Palestine and thus averted a world catastrophe.

That's the same line of thinking that got poor old Sandy Buckman fired. There wasn't any broken harness to fix, but Sandy cut up a few pieces so that he'd have some to fix. There wasn't any Palestine war to stop, but UN statesmen made one when they carved the modern state of Israel out of the heart of the Arab homeland. This has given them a peace-making job to work on perpetually. Any time they need another UN peace-making accomplishment, some UN official can make an expensive New York-Israeli round trip. Press releases are issued. Resolutions are introduced in the General Assembly. And another war is stopped by what Mr. Stevenson calls a dialogue in the UN.

In recent months, UN spokesmen have been holding the ever-ready Palestine problem in reserve for needy times. Nowadays, they talk principally about the UN peace-making accomplishment in the Belgian Congo. That's what Mr. Stevenson stressed in Dallas.

The Congo is another Sandy Buckman type operation. Things were going as well in the Belgian Congo as mortal men had any right to expect. UN pressures forced the Belgians to get out and leave the country in the hands of people not yet ready to govern themselves. The resulting bloody mess will give UN peace-makers something to meddle in until the last American dollar is squandered.

The UN officials said they wanted self-determination in the Congo. But when pro-western Katanga tried to preserve law and order by asserting self-determination, the UN peace-makers ravaged the country with bestial violence. When the UN creates a problem, it doesn't want anyone else solving it. If folks are permitted to solve problems which the UN creates for them, there might not be enough unsolved problems for UN officials to intervene in and have dialogues about.

Sandy Buckman would understand that — all except the *dialogue* part. When people with differing views talked about something, Sandy used to say they were arguing. Mr. Stevenson says they are having a dialogue. But that's a minor point that Sandy could get around, or live with.

As I said, I don't like to think about Sandy Buckman; but he has been much on my mind since Mr. Stevenson came to Dallas last week. I wish I knew where Sandy is. The United Nations could use him.

The Dreadful Affair

On October 23, 1963, the United States Day Committee held a meeting in the Dallas Memorial Auditorium Theater. Edwin A. Walker spoke, criticizing the United Nations, advocating restoration of a free and independent American Republic. None of the news-reporting media gave the meeting advance publicity. By word of mouth

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and distribution of handbills, the Committee reached enough people to get an audience of about 1200. The meeting was not broadcast. Press coverage was perfunctory.

The next night Adlai Stevenson made a United Nations Day speech in the same place, to an audience of about 1700 people, under the auspices of the Dallas United Nations Association and the Dallas League of Women Voters. Whereas the U. S. Day Committee had paid all its own bills, we can be sure that Mr. Stevenson traveled from New York and stayed in Dallas, at taxpayers' expense. His visit was given an enormous amount of advance publicity by news-reporting media. His speech was televised live at prime early evening time (pre-empting the Perry Mason program). The local CBS affiliate (KRLD) donated a full hour of time to broadcast Stevenson's speech.

Not all of the 1700 people who came to hear Mr. Stevenson were jubilant about him and his message. Inside the theater there were people who have a dim view of Mr. Stevenson and the United Nations. Outside, a crowd of such people had gathered, carrying placards, to let Mr. Stevenson know their sentiments. There was also a crowd of pro-Stevenson pickets, jeering and insulting the anti-Stevenson people. The Dallas police, aware that the crowd was excited, gave Stevenson a planned and adequate escort to his car, when the meeting was over; but Stevenson suddenly left his escort and strode toward a picketing group, saying, "Let's see what's wrong with these people." He walked directly toward a lady carrying an anti-Stevenson placard. Someone in the crowd yelled, "Put down the signs!" The lady obediently lowered hers, just in time to bump Stevenson on the head.[1]

Four days later, the affair was still making banner headlines on the front pages of both Dallas newspapers, and the civic leaders of Dallas were still groveling extravagantly. They had sent wires of apology to Mr. Stevenson and to President Kennedy. The City Council was deliberating the solemn question of sending formal, official apologies. Mayor Earl Cabell had made several pronouncements about the extremists who had done this thing — saying they were the same group of "radicals" who had voted in the last election to reject the Mayor's proposed public housing scheme. Cabell even hinted darkly that there ought to be a law against people who dislike public housing and the United Nations, saying:

"Good behavior is not enough. This cancer on the body politic must be removed."[2]

Rumor was rife. There was persistent rumor that the Kennedy crowd in Washington was gleefully putting intense pressure on civic leaders of Dallas, telling them they had better take advantage of this occasion to squelch and silence all Dallas "reactionaries" (especially United States Representative Bruce Alger) if Dallasites want to keep their hands in the great federal pork barrel of tax money for government contracts, government buildings, urban renewal, public housing, and so on. There was rumor about plans for a bond issue to erect a statue to Stevenson in Dallas. The most engaging rumor of all had to do with a big multi-million dollar "federal center" which downtown real estate promoters and civic leaders have been wanting for some time. The rumor is that if city leaders can grovel enough to get Kennedy approval of the federal center, they will promise not to call it a federal center: they will name it the Adlai Stevenson Center.

For days after the Adlai Stevenson affair, the tone of all official comment in Dallas gave the impression that a miasma of disgrace hung over the city — that all decent folks were about to migrate in search of a community where Ambassadors are not habitually clubbed on the head with signs.

I have not seen anyone packing up to move. The crows and jaybirds out in my end of town caw and scold every morning as if they are still glad to be alive in Dallas. The people I see on the street seem quite unaware of the cloud which darkens the sky for the Mayor, the City Council, and the "civic leaders."

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Old Man Grippin

One thing is obvious: the liberals of Dallas are determined to make such clamor that the fear of being branded hate-mongers and crackpots will forever silence all who would criticize the United Nations or any other cause or institution that is a sacred cow of liberalism. By doing this, our liberal leaders are compounding the grievance which caused the demonstration against Stevenson in the first place.

The people who picketed Stevenson were not wild-eyed ignoramuses. The ignoramuses were inside applauding what Stevenson said. I say this in kindness. I am too kind to believe that there are more than 100 people in Dallas who would applaud Adlai Stevenson if they were not ignorant of what the man has done, what he proposes to do, what he symbolizes.

Adlai Stevenson is most frequently singled out as *the* man primarily responsible for the betrayal of American honor, and of American security interests, in connection with the Bay of Pigs tragedy in the spring of 1961.[3] Adlai Stevenson publicly advocates surrender of American sovereignty to the United Nations.[4] He boasts about the UN Congo operation[4] which was financed with money confiscated from American wage-earners and which brings a feeling of hot shame to every American patriot who knows the truth about what the UN did with our money in the Congo. Stevenson is a foremost symbol of the totalitarian liberalism which plunders the American people of the fruits of their own labor, for causes and programs that are destroying our Republic. With it all, he has built a reputation as a wit by making fun of well-informed Americans who know what he is and what he stands for.

Most of the people who picketed Stevenson know the truth about the man. They resented his speech, and the fact that he made it in a building erected as a memorial to Dallasites who fought and died for their country. They resented the worshipful treatment given him by civic leaders who scorn or ignore prominent persons of opposite views. They resented the fact that men like Stevenson roam the country at taxpayers' expense to advocate policies which are ruinous to our nation. Most of all, they resented the fact that men like Stevenson are freely given all the best facilities of radio, television, and the press to express their views, while the great body of educated and reputable citizens of opposing views are denied the means of telling the truth.

The way to counter the harm that a man like Stevenson does is not to wave signs at *him,* but to reach *others* with facts which will expose the fallacy of his views.

But how can this be done, when those who know, and who care enough about their country to exert themselves in the cause of public enlightment, are denied means of public expression even remotely comparable to the means universally and perpetually available to Stevenson?

The number of Americans who know the ugly truth about the United Nations, and who care enough to do something about it, is already in the millions, and is growing fast. They will not be silenced. Somehow, they will find a means to express themselves — just as Old Man Grippin did.

Old Man Grippin was a farmer in the southwest corner of Kentucky. At about the end of World War I, he lost his entire family in a flu epidemic. From the time of that disaster to the end of his life, he lived alone on his 100-acre farm, wanting nothing but to be left alone in solitude, beholden unto no man until the Lord called him Home to be with his kin.

I knew him as a kind and tender old man, because I lived in his house and worked for him about a week, helping him mend fences. But no one else around there seemed to know him. Being eccentric, alone and independent, he became an object of suspicion and ridicule in the community; and it was always open season on Old Man Grippin's place for wild young rowdies. They plundered his corn field for roasting ears

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in the spring. They stole his watermelons in summer. They let their hunting hounds loose to raid his chicken house. They tore down his fences to let in stray cattle.

Taciturn by nature and unaccustomed to much human contact, Old Man Grippin was not a talking man; and, besides, he stuttered; but he tried. He went around to his neighbors and tried to explain to the boys and their parents that they must leave his property alone because they were ruining him. But when speech failed him, he often lapsed into profanity. That further alienated the women folks and enlarged the false legend about his evil ways. His stammering efforts to lecture the boys became favorite topics for raucous comment by local wits — and spurred further depredations against his private property.

Unable to solve his problem by having dialogues, Old Man Grippin hid in his melon patch one night, and shot a teenage boy in the posterior with a load of birdshot. The birdshot didn't do much more than sprinkle the boy's backside, but it scared him so badly that he broke his neck trying to jump a fence — and died three days later.

The boy was the son of a prominent family thereabouts, and the community was outraged. They talked about how disgraceful it was to have such a person as Old Man Grippin in their midst. They did not say (as Mayor Earl Cabell of Dallas more recently said) that this cancer on the body politic had to be removed; but they did talk about a tar and feather party to drive Mr. Grippin out of the County. Some of the boon companions of the deceased even thought about rowing the old man out to the middle of the Mississippi River and dumping him, with instructions that, if he could swim, he had better swim to the Missouri side and never come back.

None of these plans was ever executed, however, because no one wanted to be the first to walk into the muzzle of Old Man Grippin's gun. The affair left another scar on the old man's deeply scarred soul; and it cost a human life; but there were no more raids on the Grippin farm.

Mr. Grippin did not like what he had done. He did not rejoice in his own methods. But, driven to desperation, he had resorted to the only means of expression left to him.

Picketing and demonstrating are poor means of expression. I, for one, have never approved of such activities. But such activities will continue. They will grow in frequency, and become increasingly unmanageable. And there will be head bumpings that are not accidental, until Americans who believe in the traditions and principles of their society are allowed some better means of expression. Newspapers and broadcasting stations which bemoan angry public demonstrations against the UN and people like Stevenson could eliminate them, if they would discharge their own responsibility to report news events fairly and impartially, giving both sides equal opportunity to participate in what Stevenson calls the conflict in the minds of men.

The Hope of the World

Every December, I devote one issue of this *Report* to a reaffirmation of my faith in the principles of our society — a restatement of my conviction that our organic documents of government (the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights) were the outgrowth of Christian ideals. I call this Christmas issue "The Hope of the World."

Every year, subscribers say they would have mailed "The Hope of the World" to friends in lieu of Christmas greeting cards, if it had been published early enough. This year, we anticipate that demand. "The Hope of the World" issue will be mailed to subscribers under the date of December 16, 1963; but it has already been printed, and is now available.

If you are already familiar with "The Hope of the World" and would like to order extra copies for distribution during the Christmas season, you can do so now, at our regular reprint prices (which are quoted in the block at the

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bottom of the first page of each issue of the *Report*). If you are not familiar with 'Hope' and would like to see whether it would suit your needs for Christmas mailings, you can order a sample copy now for 25 cents.

How Can I Help?

The following extract from a recent letter is typical of comments which I receive, by the hundreds, from all over the United States:

"I agree that something must be done to restore liberty under constitutional government; and I agree with most of your proposals, Mr. Smoot; but what can *I* do?"

If ten million thoughtful American adults had that attitude, the question would answer itself: we would find and elect to public office, at all levels, men with enough courage, integrity, and understanding to restore the crumbling pillars of our marvelous constitutional Republic.

It follows that our first, and biggest, job is to get ten million Americans in the right frame of mind. Each of us must do the most he can, with the resources he has.

We who are publishing and broadcasting can reach more people than you individuals in other kinds of work. Our effort may, therefore, appear to be more satisfying than any which seems available to you. Yet your effort is actually more important than ours, because ours depends on you.

My work, for example, is conducted as a free-enterprise publishing and broadcasting business. Firms which advertise with my weekly broadcasts (like Dr. Ross Pet Food Company) pay me a fee, but my total broadcasting revenue is small. The income that keeps me going is from sales of my published materials: books, bound volumes, and my weekly *Report;* and from sales of my educational films.

Hence, my supporters are my customers; and I am totally dependent upon them. Some, who think my work effective, help a great deal by giving subscriptions of my *Report* to others, sending reprints of certain issues to friends urging them to subscribe, giving my books and bound volumes to libraries, students and so on. A few of my subscribers send me money at intervals, asking that I use it to distribute my publications where they will do the most good. Some send contributions to be used in our educational fund for gift subscriptions to schools, students, teachers and ministers who want the *Report,* but lack funds. Some contribute to our Congressional Fund, to help defray our expense in sending the *Report* regularly to all members of the National Congress. Such contributions for my material are not tax-exempt; but business firms can distribute my publications as gifts, and charge the cost to advertising, just as they give other publications as advertising.

If facts and ideas which you have read in my *Reports* and heard on my broadcasts have made you want to do something, it is probable that those same facts and ideas would have similar effect on people whom you know, in your work, your home, your neighborhood, your church. Often you are the only person in the world who can expose these people to the facts.

We must not wait until darkness *has* descended on the land. If we are to save our Republic, action must be taken *now.* We have reached the point where we must reverse the disastrous policies of government, or become a socialist dictatorship. It is up to you.

Soviet Plans in Latin America

(by Constantine Brown)[5]

MUNICH. — At a place "somewhere in Germany" where important Communist defectors are screened before being given permanent residence here, I met through German friends a Czech who had held a position of responsibility in the Prague hierarchy. He was a man in his late fifties, erudite and keen-minded. He had given up everything because "I could no longer stand the intrigues, the double-crossings and the lies of the regime which I had joined whole-

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heartedly. But," he added wistfully "I am afraid I have now joined the losing side."

His explanation for this pessimistic viewpoint about the "losing side" (the West) was simple. The new generation of political men, particularly in the United States and Britain, does not want to believe the U.S.S.R. is planning for the conquest of the world.

Premier Khrushchev has confused and frightened the political men by his tactics of hot and cold showers, frowns and smiles, rattling of missiles and "deep concern for humanity." He is now certain, if his life span lasts for another 10 years, that he can hand over to his successor the socialist world promised by Lenin.

The signing of the Moscow pact and the subsequent steps are only a beginning. Mr. Khrushchev's aims go further, to the Western Hemisphere.

The Czech defector, who my German friends told me is trustworthy, emphasized the plan for a gigantic U.S.R.L.A. When asked what this means, he explained, "the United Socialist Republics of Latin America."

During the 37-day visit of Fidel Castro to the Soviet Union, the blueprint of such an organization of states was discussed in all details by Mr. Khrushchev, the Cuban dictator and a number of top Soviet officials.

Mr. Khrushchev was confident that there will be no more than token opposition from the United States. Cuba will be, of course, the key point where all the propaganda and subversive moves will start.

The anxiety of the Western Powers, and particularly of the United States and Britain, for accommodation is to be exploited intensively all over Latin America, together with the power element of the U.S.S.R. The first component group of the USRLA would be composed of Cuba, Venezuela, Mexico, Chile, and Brazil, as well as the former British Guiana and possibly Hispaniola after the Duvalier regime in Haiti has been liquidated. The target date is 1968.

According to my informant, Mr. Khrushchev has instructed Mr. Castro to take his time and lay the groundwork without haste. It is essential, he is reported to have said, that the chances of reelection of the present Washington administration, sympathetic to socialism and dedicated to a relaxation of tensions, should not be endangered. It is also important that the British Labor Party, headed by Harold Wilson – and described by Mr. Khrushchev as a man of great intelligence and insight toward world trends – should replace the wobbly, uncertain, and tired Conservatives.

Hence, there must be no hasty or rash moves by Fidel and his associates throughout Latin America. Quite the contrary, Mr. Castro must accept with good grace any indications for reconciliation with the United States – even at the price of some concessions regarding the confiscation of American properties.

The Czech defector added that there are already in course such negotiations which may lead to a resumption of diplomatic relations with Washington. But he expects nothing concrete before next year. The pot will be kept simmering until the American elections. After November 1964, however, the work of creating a USRLA will be started in earnest.

Asked about Europe's reaction to the gigantic Soviet plans, the answer was that Europe has relied too much on the United States to be able to successfully resist the trend . . . . [5]

FOOTNOTES

(1) Cora Beckworth Fredrickson is the lady who accidentally bumped Adlai Stevenson with a placard. She is a cousin of United States Representative Lindley Beckworth (liberal Texas Democrat). Until recently, Mrs. Fredrickson regarded herself as a liberal. In 1952, she was a supporter of Adlai Stevenson and met him during his political campaign that year. Education has changed her views. She now regards Stevenson as a symbol of the totalitarian liberalism which is destroying her nation. Before Stevenson's UN speech in Dallas, she had never participated in any picketing, or similar, activity. That night, she impulsively picked up an anti-Stevenson placard, because she felt outraged by Stevenson's speech.

(2) "Cabell Appeals for Sanity," by Earl Cabell, *The Dallas Morning News,* October 27, 1963, Section 1, p. 21

(3) UPI dispatch from Washington, *The Dallas Morning News,* May 30, 1961; UPI dispatch from Washington, *The Dallas Morning News,* June 15, 1961, Section 1, p. 1

(4) "Stevenson Foresees Loss Of United States Sovereignty," by Saul Pett of the Associated Press, *The El Paso Times,* February 24, 1963, p. 1-B

(5) *The Evening Star,* Washington, D.C., August 31, 1963, reprinted in the *Congressional Record* (daily), September 24, 1963, p. A6010

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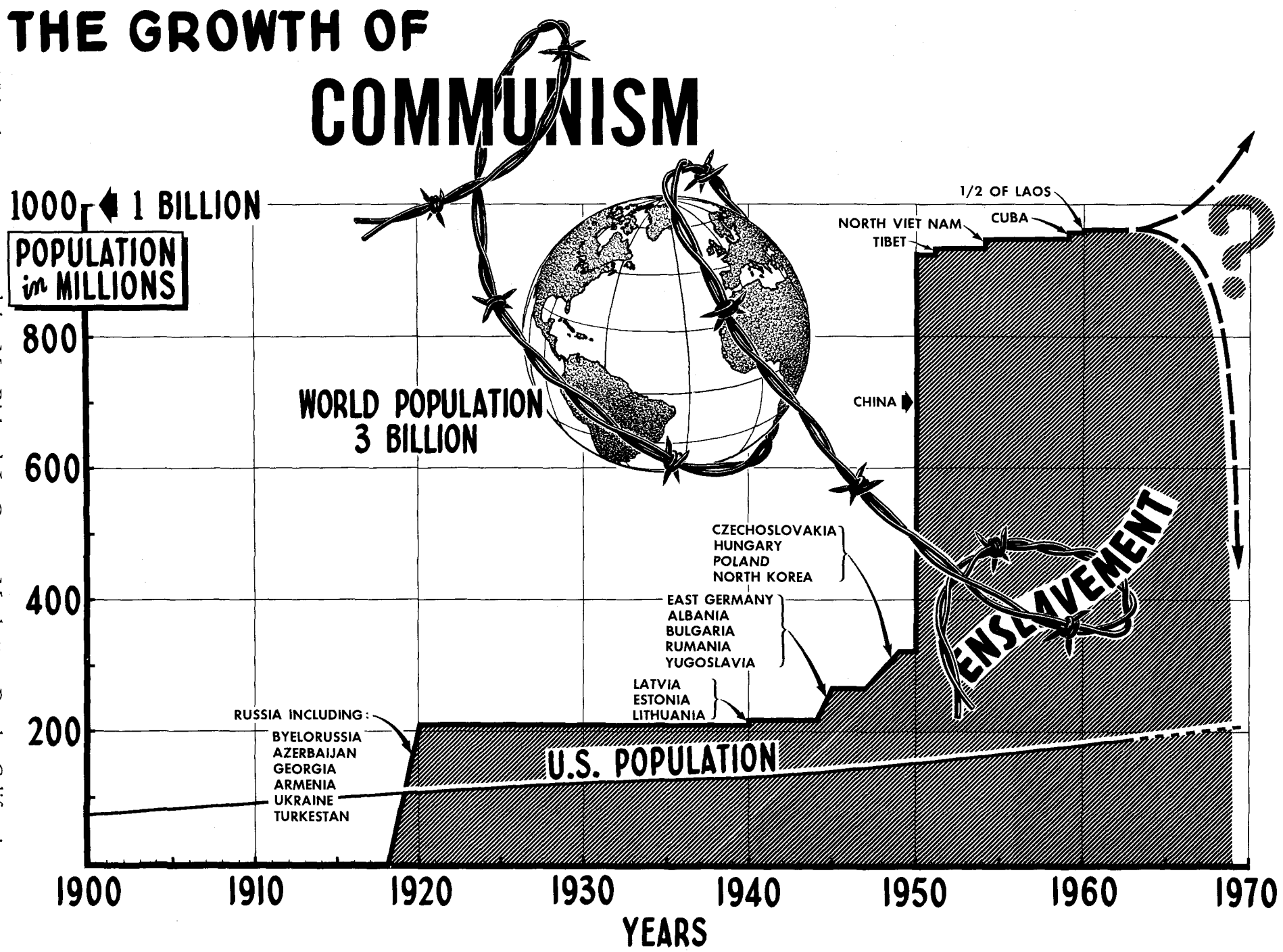

This chart was prepared by Mr. Richard L. Gracey, Manhattan Beach, California

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